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VOL. XV.

No. V.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE:

CONDUCTED

BY THE

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"Illum non grate nacet, noniam laudibus Yaleusae
Cantantur Sonores, monimique Patres."

MARCH, 1850.

NEW HAVEN:

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THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XV.

MARCH, 1850.

No. V.

Noctes Valensianæ.

NIGHT I.

What do you think of Marriage?
I take 't as those that deny purgatory:
It locally contains a heaven or hell;
There 's no third place in it.

Old Play.

In the cold midnights of winter—when the barracks of Old Yale are bright with icicles, and the storm tears the leafless elms in the College Yard, and the vane on the Chapel spire whirls and moans for a place of rest, and the wind shrieks in the belfry, and rushes madly through the dark passages, and plays jostle with the window-blinds—hurried steps travel the silent staircases of South College; mysterious beings pass and re-pass in the darkness, and, as the clock strikes one, gather into a brilliant and comfortable apartment, whose bolts debar all barbarians.

Here, in a luxurious easy chair, sits a dignified personage, poring over a handful of manuscripts, and smoking an antiquated pipe, which he puffs vigorously or languidly as the page before him is discordant or concordant with his feelings. He is the genius of the Snuggery. The harrow of thought has furrowed his brow, but his eye flashes brilliantly, and the labor of the pen is his pastime. From the wainscoted walls look down upon him the features of literary heroes, who, "in the brave days of old," have winged their laborious flight to Fame upon the jaded goose-quill. A roaring fire, embraced in an enormous chimney-place, toasts his feet, and the delicious flavor of bivalves and epicurean delicacies, steaming upon the hearth, seems to kindle pleasure, not only in his face, but even in the pale faces upon the walls. Eastern stamped packages of the Indian weed, a multitude of pipes, arm chairs, slippers, cruets of catsup and spices, china-ware, burnished tankards, books, pamphlets, and manuscripts, strewed about the apartment in glorious confusion, give some signification of the manner in which the NOCTES VALENSIANÆ are whiled away.

The genius of the Snuggery lays aside his pipe and manuscript,

and looks up to the face of the clock. Half past twelve. Thoughtfully he watches the slow progress of the minute hand, as it travels the gulf between midnight and morning, and approaches the appointed hour. Silently, and one by one the golden minutes slip and drop into the Past, as the pearls of a broken necklace slip and drop into the sea. The last has fallen. The clock strikes ONE.

Obstreperous peals of laughter, as broad-mouthed as ever shook those notable laughers, the black Dutchmen of Communipaw, suddenly shake the oaken door. The occupant of the easy chair, arising, draws the bolts, and introduces his merry boys with a dignified but pleasant salutation.

Salix.—Here we are, my dear major, fine as fat bucks—barring a confounded appetite!—and—whew! I'll be shot if it's not warmer at the North Pole to night than it is in these New Haven barrens!

Jonas.—But the Major has heaped a roaring fire, and we'll not freeze. This nose-nipping night, boys, reminds me of the sailing of—

Salix.—Belay there now, my lad, if you please. Hold on to that yarn till we've taken aboard a few of the necessaries of life; for it won't do to go to sea without provisions aboard—eh? Come, dear Major, all ready for cargo down below here!—that is if you are.

Quid.—What's that, Jonas? sailing of what?

Salix.—Sailing of supper, sonny; and if we do'nt get some aboard soon it will be—

Major.—The board is ready for you, sirs.

Salix.—And I am ready for the board. * * * * Royal stew, this, Major. The catsup will improve the flavor. The pepper, Jonas, if you please. What's the matter with you, Quid? You look as blue as an old Puritan parson at a funeral!

Jonas.—Do n't trouble Quid with your queries, Salix. Sympathize with the poor fellow, for he has been entrapped by an ancient damsel "of credit and renown!" Ha! ha!

Salix.—Eh, Quid? Caught by a damsel! out with your troubles—here's what will sympathize. Hang the women! This quail, Major, is glorious—Heaven, earth, and the barn-yard, plundered of its sweets! One more of those little brown bellies will do.

Quid.—Major, what is your opinion of Marriage?

Salix.—The devil! what is the matter with the boy! Marriage? Umph! Please ask for my opinion.

Major.—Marriage? I advise you to look into practical life, my boy; or, if that is not agreeable, you may overturn the pages of Romance and Poetry, and draw an opinion of your own from the sentiments you will find there concerning it. But be careful to form no opinion quickly, for though you will be told everywhere that Love, in the abstract, is very good, yet, when it settles down into the practical circumstance of Matrimony, then, my boy, look out for the battle of opinions!

Salix.—Quid, poor fellow, try these sardines; they'll make you feel better.

Quid.—I rather object, Major, to poring over a stack of folios for an opinion. Tell me what you have seen.

Major.—Well, John Milton avers that the nuptial state is a "perpetual fountain of domestic sweets," while—

Salix.—No doubt John Milton had reference to the babies, Major—perpetual fountains of *Ki-yi-yi's*!

Major.—While somebody in Shakespeare says that "He had rather be a toad, and live upon the vapor of a dungeon," than enter into it.

Salix.—That's the fellow for me! Who had not rather be a toad, &c., &c.! One more brown belly, Jonas.

Major.—John Ford, a quaint old gentleman, and full of enthusiasm, avers that matrimony is a "Heaven on Earth," an "Earthly immortality," an "Eternity of pleasures;" while a no less quaint cotemporary solemnly affirms that it is

"Like painted fruit, which promise much,
But still deceive us when we come to touch them."

Jonas.—Tell him, Major, what my fine friend Cowper says; an earnest old soul was his. He estimates the matter rightly:

"Domestic Happiness, thou only bliss
Of Paradise, that has survived the fall!"

Salix.—Tell him, Major, what my fine friend, Peter Pindar, says; an earnest old soul was his, and he estimates the matter rightly:

"Wedlock's a saucy, sad, familiar state,
Where folks are very apt to scold and hate!"

And I'll be shot if old Peter was n't a duck of a boy, and—

Jonas.—Yes, one of your genus, that "grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness," enjoying the distressing sympathies of a few gray females, lank and loving—pale primroses, as Shakespeare calls them,

"That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phoebus in his strength, a malady
Most incident to maids!"

I assure you, my dear Quid, that marriage is a most essential ingredient in man's cup of earthly happiness! If you doubt it, look at the rusty old bachelor—he needs your sympathy—cold phlegmatic fellow! what a mighty effort it is for him to go to his single bed on a frosty night! "He warms and turns, and turns and warms—pokes his toes to the fire, and then his heels—rubs his hands—bakes his shins, and then sneaks off to bed. Then if a shank happen to stray over the linen six inches from the warm place where it was originally planted, he snatches it back as though it was snake-bitten!"

Salix.—Very important, if true! But I assure you, my dear Quid, that this matrimony—this being tied up to women and babies, for better or worse, and for life too! bless me, it is one sublime humbug! No! I die the glorious death of an old bachelor before I do it!

Major.—Your zeal is beyond knowledge, my boy. But, Quid, why did you introduce this subject?

Quid.—I will tell you. When I was a boy, I, foolish as all boys are, fell in love with a schoolmate. She was my elder, but as beautiful, I thought, as an angel. I left school, and corresponded with her. I sent her scraps of love poetry, clipped from the newspapers, and inscribed sonnets to her, in which moonlight, and stars, and love figured considerably. She was my *Dulciana*. All my boyhood was wrapped up in her, and my life, so I thought. In a couple of years my senses came to me. I saw that I had been a child, and concluded that I would be a child no longer. I very gently and politely dropped her acquaintance. Several years have passed, and nothing have I heard or thought of my boyish flame. But yesterday, I was surprised by a letter from her, in which she says that it is time that she was married—that she has lived in the expectation of marrying me, and that she is now ready, and if I break my engagement I must look out for the law concerning Breaches of Promise!

Salix.—The devil she does! She must be hard up!

Quid.—Now, Major, I desire your advice—the girl can trouble me.

Major.—I am glad to give it to you, my boy. If the girl is respectable, she will never go to law for you; if she is not respectable, her going to law will not injure you, but herself only. But you can be guilty of no “Breach of Promise,” however you act. And now let me give you my theory on this vexatious subject. It is—that, from its very nature, there can be no such thing as a breach of a promise of marriage. Each of those cases called a “Breach of Promise” is not a breach of a valid promise, but of a promise (so called) made under a misconception of the premises; and when the mistaken premises upon which it was made become known, the so-called promise is not broken, but becomes of itself naturally and justly null. I see you are surprised at my theory.

Salix.—It’s a capital theory, Major; so very convenient! I have a mind to hunt up a damsel, for the sake of putting it to the test! Eh?

Jonas.—Show that your theory is correct, Major.

Major.—That I will do by examining the nature of a promise of marriage; or, as it is called, a matrimonial engagement. And for this purpose, let me ask, what are the circumstances that render a matrimonial engagement just and proper? You will agree with me, that the prime circumstance is the existence of a pure and deep affection; that neither a transient ebullition of feeling, nor the influence of charms which merely please the eye, and which Time will efface, nor an opportunity for the acquisition of wealth, or elevation in rank, nor an adoration of Pleasure,

“That reeling goddess, with the zoneless waist
And wand’ring eye, still leaning on the arm
Of Novelty, her fickle, frail support,”

should be mistaken for this affection. But that it should be a lasting sentiment, founded upon traits of character, which, in their very na-

ture, are fitted to awaken and keep alive esteem and tenderness in a healthy mind. The existence of such an affection is the first grand requisite ; and upon this all other questions depend. Without this, no further question as to the propriety or validity of a promise of marriage can arise.

Salix.—I subscribe to all that, Major ; and I'll be shot if I don't hunt me up a damsel and see how this theory will work.

Jonas.—But is this affection of which you speak the only requisite ?

Major.—No ; besides this, there are subordinate considerations which have a bearing, both upon the propriety and the validity of a matrimonial engagement. These considerations are those of character, mental and moral ; of probable ability to support and maintain a wife ; of agreeability to friends in general ; and sometimes, the sanction of parents.

Quid.—Pray, sir, how far are such considerations to influence a man who is already burning with this Love which you have described ?

Salix.—Here, Quid, don't bother yourself with considerations ; help me analyze this goose, which reminds me of the boy that fell in love with a girl at school ! Ha ! ha !

Major.—Thus far. The mental acquirements should be sufficient creditably to sustain the relation which the promise of marriage contemplates. The probable ability to support a wife should not be estimated in a pecuniary point of view, but solely in regard to the energy and diligence of character in the parties concerned. The agreeability to friends, and the consent of the parents should generally be the last and least important consideration. Their disposition should never be a stumbling block to the parties in the realization of their wishes, provided, always, that the circumstances which I have already noticed do exist.

Jonas.—I think that your doctrine concerning the consent of the parents will be strongly contested in practical life.

Salix.—Yes, Major, I am afraid the old paternal and I would quarrel on that point, and we should have a row !

Major.—I am prepared to prove the correctness of any doctrine. The simple act of a matrimonial engagement between the parties can not be a cause of objection to the parents or friends ; because no act, independent of the *motives* of that act, can be a cause of reproof. Now the prime motive of the engagement is, as I have already shown, Love ; that Love whose legitimate end is assured by an engagement, and which, if it is genuine Love, ought to, and will always exist deep and abiding, even if its legitimate end be not attained.

Salix.—But supposing the old paternal shall tell me, that if this Love, this very fine Love, will always exist, forever and ever amen, there is no necessity for my engagement with his daughter !

Major.—To this objection I answer, that if the Love between the parties is a true and just Love, so far as regards mere justice and simi-

ple right, the necessity for an engagement can not be relinquished by the parties. There can be but two grounds on which his claim for opposing the engagement can be made. The one is of simple Right; the other is of Expediency. The just grounds for the engagement existing, the engagement may with no more right or reason be deferred, than, to go to Theology for a comparison, may the forgiveness of a penitent, after proofs of his repentance! What is the actual object of Love, even when unconfessed, but a matrimonial alliance? If, then, Love is reciprocally perfect and confessed, it necessarily requires an immediate alliance, or its temporary equivalent—a matrimonial engagement. This, so far as moral right is concerned, it is its duty to have. With this Love existing, then, for the parents or friends to propose to destroy the engagement, is for them to propose to maintain the existence of Love by removing the essential of its existence—namely, the right, the duty of a matrimonial alliance, or its temporary equivalent—a promise of marriage!

Salix.—That's all very clear to you and me, Major; but won't the old gentleman rear up—eh?

Major.—I will exhibit the matter in a clearer light. It is the duty of every one to promote the happiness of others, as well as their own; or, in other words, it is the duty of all to cause the greatest amount of happiness within their power. This principle no one will deny. Now, I have already shown that, the prime circumstances existing, there is no just cause of opposition to the engagement. If, then, there is no just cause of opposition to, there can be no harm done by the engagement; for if harm could be done, that, in itself, would be just cause of opposition. I have also shown that the engagement would promote the mutual happiness of the parties concerned. Since, then, no harm could be done to any one by the engagement, and the engagement would promote the mutual happiness of the parties concerned, it becomes the moral duty of every one—even the parents and friends in question—to favor the engagement by every means in their power; on the ground that, in every relation of the case, it will cause the greatest amount of happiness.

Jonas.—I am satisfied of the correctness of your doctrine, Major.

Salix.—Yes, and I'll warrant the old gentleman would be, by this time.

Quid.—But about these breaches of promise; I desire to hear more of your theory, for you know how I am threatened.

Major.—I will gladly inform you, my boy. You observe how fully and fairly this little discussion has exposed the nature of a matrimonial engagement. And now you will allow, that, such being the nature of a genuine matrimonial engagement, any engagement made under any other circumstances, partaking of any other nature, can be neither genuine nor valid. How, then, can a genuine matrimonial engagement be broken? To be broken, its foundation must be destroyed. But its foundation is indestructable; for it is founded upon genuine Love—a sentiment whose nature is deep, firm, and perpetual; whose

vestal flame burns undiminished and undimmed, until the heart, which gives it life, ceases its palpitations! The direct inference, then, is, that there can, from the very nature of the case, be no such thing as a breach of a matrimonial engagement. And there is also an indirect inference from my argument, that every so-called "Breach of Promise" is not a breach of a matrimonial engagement; since such a "promise" was not founded upon Love, the grand foundation and element of a matrimonial engagement; for if it had been founded upon Love, it could not, from the very nature of Love, be broken! Such is my theory.

Salix.—The greatest theory of the season, Major. I go in for matrimony! Where shall I find a wife? You laugh!

"When I did say I would die a bachelor
I did not think I would live till I were married!"

W. E. E.

How Tim Carroll did the Devil.

THE author of the following versicles begs his indulgent readers not to judge of his production as a *poem*. It was written mainly to illustrate the extraordinary metrical flexibility of the English language—a quality much less generally understood than it ought to be. Nor is the plot—if the word be allowable—a bad one, however much it may have suffered in this humble version. If any farther excuse is needed, it lies in the example of Thomas Ingoldsby, Esq., and other eminent counsel for the plaintiff, in the grand cause of Rhyme *versus* Reason.

FYTTE I.

There can't be the slightest doubt
That Ireland's a very cute nation;
Although its elbows are somewhat out,
And though it lies a trifle without
The pale of civilization.
Now, in Ireland there is a certain place
Called the County of Londonderry,
Since Harry the Eighth's time, who "by God's grace,"
With his golden scepter and brazen face,
Has long crossed the Stygian ferry.
A singular place, *me judice*,
This county is understood to be;
Where never a dun,
Or a pointless pun,
Or a clouded sun,
Or a whole pair of breeches you're likely to see.
And within the said County's boundary line,
In the year Eighteen Hundred and Thirty-Nine,

A certain wight—
 TIM CARROLL hight—
 Was absolute master, "by grace divine,"
 O'er a mud-walled shebeen,
 And a jug of poteen,
 And a ragged caubeen,
 And a bin-full of "pratees," undoubtedly fine ;
 Not to mention a pig, who supported himself
 By wandering in search of all edible pelf ;
 As free as his master, except when some pound
 Enclosed him by chance in its magical round.
 But as Tim is my hero, 't were fit I relate
 His "circumstance" at the above-mentioned date.
 One fine evening late,
 Or at half past eight,
 At a door which conveniently looked towards the south,
 Tim Carroll sat,
 With his ragged hat
 On his head, and himself rather "down in the mouth."
 Scarce so much of a wonder
 As mid-winter thunder,
 (Vid. Scott's Cyclopaedia, page fifty-eight,)

For his pig and potatoes had gone, that same day,
 Sundry heavy arrears of old rent to pay ;
 And not e'en a "thirteen's" enlivening weight
 His pocket stretched—as for getting well drunk,
 "Nothing sobers a man so completely as *funk*."
 What Timothy's thoughts were, I really can't say,
 Though perhaps some ubiquitous reader may—
 But I humbly opine,
 They were scarce as divine
 As my friend Mr. King has portrayed Anastatius' ;
 But bordering, rather,
 On what Doctor Mather,

In his villainous French, would have termed a *la dessus*.
 He gazed on the rush-dip's flickering light
 With a sorrowful groan,
 And murmured "Och hone !"
I could sell my soul to the Devil this night !"
 Lo ! ere the last word
 Was well uttered, he heard
 An approaching sound of footsteps nigh ;
 And, before his sight,
 As he gazed in affright,
 Stood a queer looking chap with a twinkling black eye !
 With a gaping stare
 At the stranger there,

Tim fain would speak, the moment he sees it,
But he struggles in vain, *vox in faucibus hæsit*.

The Stranger first

The silence burst—

“Well here is ‘the Devil,’ my good friend Tim,
Very much at your service—how like you him?”

In a shocking scare,

With uplifted hair—

Tim Carroll uttered,

Or rather, stuttered,

What he doubtless meant to pass for a prayer—

“*Sathan,—sanctissime,*

Credo—purissime”—

But, alas! was obliged to finish there.

From beneath his cloak, old Harry drew

A long-necked bottle of transparent hue;

And after a good deal of tugging uneath,

He managed to draw out the cork with his teeth;

Then said, with his sly and peculiar wink,

“There ‘s as nate stuff, Tim Carroll, as ever you ‘ll drink.”

Tim would have refused,

But the odor diffused

So seducingly under his nose, that the draught,

Aut volens, aut nolens, was eagerly quaffed.

Such heavenly liquor Tim never had drank!

Again was it set to his lips, and fast sank—

With expression queer,

Betwixt a leer

And sarcastic sneer—

The Devil spoke—“Is it real poteen?”

“Och,” responded Tim, “sure the like was ne’er seen,”

“Then perhaps you’d be pleased, if a cask of the same

Every month in the year to your cabin came.”

“I’d be a baste,

Or a fool at laste,

To refuse such a present”—retorted Tim.

“Then listen, my boy—I’ve a trifling whim,

The which, if you’ve no great objection to please,

For ten years henceforward you ‘ll live at your ease;

Provided you ‘ll sign an agreement in full,

When the term has expired, to *yield me your soul*.

My dear Mr. Carroll, I beg you wont storm,

I assure you, ‘tis merely a matter of form;

For if I should n’t take you,

As *post obit* pelf,

You ‘re morally certain

To *come of yourself*.

Altogether, it's absurd to cut any capers.
 Pass the bottle—your health. And now sign the papers."
 Tim Carroll looked black and Tim. Carroll looked blue,
 Like a Port Royal lobster his face changed its hue,
 And, as he reflected, no easier grew ;
 His position was ticklish he very well knew.
 He looked at Old Nick,
 And he looked at his stick—
 "Twas *vulgo*, "a stick"—*Hibernice*, "shillala."
 But he felt a strange dread
 Of cracking *that* head,
 Though feats of such nature accustomed to daily.
 The bargain seemed tempting, Why should n't he strike it?
 But the Devil smiled strangely—Tim did n't quite like it ;
 He gave his *os frontis* a dubious poke,
 And in great botheration thus outspoke—
 "What you say, Mr. Lucifer, sounds very well,
 But I don't so much fancy a roasting in h—l.
 Though your honor may think my unwillingness shammed,
 I feel no remarkable wish to be d—d.
 To be plain with your highness, the lease must be longer,
 Though I don't greatly care that the liquor be stronger."
 The Devil looked grim
 As he listened to Tim.—
 "You spalpeen," quoth he,
 "This language to *me*,
 Than whom you ne'er had a more trustworthy friend !
 Whatever in reason
 You'd have, ask in season,
 I can't remain long, for my time's near an end.
 I must shortly be off to a nice little supper,
 Graced by the presence of most of the upper
 Ten thousand of Hades—a pie of baked Jews,
 And a delicate steak from our Irish Lord H.
 Belphegor and Mammon will quarrel, no doubt,
 For precedence, if I should much longer be out.
 Then that old witch, Astarte,
 For a row is quite hearty.
 At the end of your term you may search as you please,
 And if you can find any flaw in the lease,
 I'll solemnly swear to resign every claim
 That I hold on your soul." "And the *whisky* the same?"
 "Of course." "Done, old gentleman, there is my name."
 Old Nick upreared,
 And, at the last chime of the midnight bell,
 'Mid a flash and a smoke, and a shocking bad smell,
 Through the floor disappeared !

For ten years henceforward, 'twas sworn to by all
 That Tim Carroll had met with some lucky windfall.
 Not a spade would he touch—not an axe in his fist
 Was e'er seen, or a yard of "best superfine twist,"
 But was there a wedding, a dance, or a fair,
 Tim Carroll was morally sure to be there.
 With the men he could drink, with the girls he would toy,
 And by all was acknowledged "the broth of a boy."
 Still himself he enjoyed on the fat of the land;
 Had always a "thrench-full" of "murphies" on hand,
 And a jug of the clearest and strongest poteen—
 The envy of every surrounding shebeen.
 If questions were asked, he 'd reply, with a wink,
 "Sorra one o' me cares. But, come boys and let 's drink."
 This was strange, no doubt,
 None could make it out;
 Though canvassed repeatedly under the rose
 The result was the same
 To which every one came—
 That our worthy friend Tim "was confoundedly close."

FYTTE II.

Now in due course of time,
 And, *equaliter*, rhyme,
 As my readers will graciously please to observe,
 Ten years have passed
 Like all things, at last,
 And Tim grows remarkably full of "nerve."
 His brains he racked—
 His invention cracked,
 And his brow wore various sombre shades,
 As he thought of a berth
 Below the earth,
 In that place which Lempriere denominates "Hades."
 But at last the long dreaded hour came,
 And at eleven, one night, you might see by the flame,
 As Tim sat by his fire, that the very same
 Rum looking old chap, with the very same wink,
 Was leering on Tim, whose complexion, once pink,
 Or carbuncular rather, had now grown as pale
 As ever a rowdyish son of old Yale
 On the morn after tipping three gallons of ale.
 The clock struck TWELVE! and fearfully broke
 The sound on Tim's ear, as old Nicholas spokè:
 "Now, my boy, you 're mine,
 Nor think I 'll resign

My claim, for aught earthly or heavenly power ;
 Come along, you thief,
 And none of your grief,
 I'm d—d if I give you another hour.
 Do you see that candle"—his finger came
 Towards a little rush-dip, whose wavering flame
 Was scarcely an inch from the socket spout—
 "*I'll give you the time till that candle's burnt out.*"
 Tim sprang to his feet, as a glorious thought
 On his senses flashed—
 At the candle dashed !
 And with one hand held, while another caught
 At the Family Bible under the eaves—
 Hid the bit of old candle between the leaves !
 And sat down on the book
 With exulting look.
 "Now, you spalpeen, break your own word if you dare !
 You must keep without
 Till the candle's burnt out,
 And sorrow a light shall ever come there."
 'Twere vain to relate
 How the Devil swore !
 'Twas worth an exchange with the "Second Eight"
 To have heard the uproar !
 With fury undamped
 He raved and stamped !
 Around he dashed !
 And his flanks he lashed
 With his tail—he was "neither to haud or to hold,"
 As he thought how his victim
 In esse, had nicked him ;
 And, despite of his cunning, felt neatly "sold."
 A flash and a smoke
 From nose and mouth broke,
 With an *'en derriere* poke
 Very far from a joke
 But *mal. pre. per.* Lord Coke.
 Yet a denser cloud from his nostrils rolled,
 And through the floor
 With a parting roar
 He sank as the hour of one was tolled !

SOUTH MIDDLE BARD.

Theory and Realization.

REALIZATION.

"But there is another and a more prominent result from this. Our trustfulness in human nature is diminished. We are no longer the credulous enthusiasts of good. The pillars of the moral world seem shaken. We believe, we hope no more from the faith of others."

The Student.

It was my August vacation, and two years since H—— had graduated. The waters of Lake Erie, broken by a fresh breeze, were reflecting to heaven the glad rays of the noonday sun. Our steamer urged her way gallantly through the foaming waste towards the distant land of enterprise and action, her decks crowded with every representation of American character, all buoyant, eager, and sanguine. The scene was one of perfect exhilaration, of universal light-heartedness, and it could not have been wondered at that I surrendered myself to the influence of the hour, and indulged in joyous anticipations of the new phases of life I should shortly see in the, as yet to me, untrodden West. There, I thought, where the artificial customs of society are in a measure dropped, where the ideas and actions of men enjoy a freer development than can possibly be granted them in the populous East, where human character shows itself in its truest light, shall I prove to myself at least, the error of the cautious and callous maxims of the world, and behold the shadowing forth of the sympathetic brotherhood of man.

I had accepted H——'s invitation to spend my vacation with him. Immediately on leaving college he had shaped his course westward, ready in the confidence of a fearless disposition and vigorous mind, for "either fortune." With him there was no such word as 'fail.' There are always chances, he was wont to say, for the energetic and the self-reliant. Every man was made for a definite purpose, and no one will find its consummation in inaction. The world is not yet crowded, and he who shrinks from any department of labor because he sees many already engaged in it, displays the sure marks of cowardice, and has already earned any buffetings the world may give him. If the scholar deserts the Intellectual for the gains of business,—Castalia for Pactolus—he has lost all claims on the sympathy of men, and can never hope to acquire the confidence of the mass to whom he would assimilate himself. The true aspirant for the glory beyond this life will meet with the praises of mankind more surely than the devotee to earthly honors. The conscience of the head, as well as of the heart, must be obeyed if we would feel satisfied with ourselves. From literature we may not gain the high places of the earth, but our inward rewards will be beyond price. In accordance with thoughts like these H—— had so far acted. To discipline his mind to unflagging exertion, he had engaged for a few years in the management of

an influential sheet in a growing city of the garden of America. Thither I was on my way, and as the days of our passage flew swiftly by, my impatience to witness the realization or the abandonment of his scrutinizing theories, became intense and absorbing.

"And so you really think that years ago you studied human character under faithful teachers, and were not deceived in the ideas you then formed of it?" We were looking out on the waters of Michigan, beneath the full and unclouded moon, as I said this; the hour and the scene were alike fitted for sincerity and earnestness,—so sacred the one, so ineffably pure and majestic the other.

"I do from my inmost soul," answered H——, as we took our seats on a jutting angle of the pier, "and I can safely say that never till I mixed with men as a full grown man did I imagine the half of their real disposition. I trod the right road, but I had not followed it out. I sounded in the right waters, but there was yet a lower depth. In my experience of the last two years I have learned more of the nature of the people—as a people and a public—than I could have learned in any other school. The recluse of the cloister may dream out an ideal of worldly policy and action, and there is a faint chance that like one of the seventy wild hypotheses of Kepler, it may be correct; the man who confines himself to a particular benevolence, may in receiving only the gratitude of relieved widows and orphans, imagine that he has disarmed unthankfulness, and that hypocrisy has left the world; the great man who hears but adulation; and to whom all others are suppliant, may think that there are no such traits in existence as envy and treachery; yet history, and fiction truer than history, have shown that Wolseys and Vicars of Wakefield may be mistaken, and that their enlightenment is a bitter reality. But he who is thrown entirely upon his own resources, especially at an age when he feels most vividly, and is obliged to struggle with the world for a livelihood, and lives among men who have no expectations of fattening at his expense, will see humanity in its true colors, and will gain a fund of sense that never can leave him. The reason why so many who inherit riches make worthless characters is not that money is a foe to wisdom, but that it blinds the eyes of its possessors to the real nature of man. They are ever surrounded by crowds of flatterers; no one disputes them; they grow self-important, and whether their wealth leaves them or not, they are generally unfit to act the part of men, as men should be in our day, patient, far-seeing, bold, and politic. Besides, they have never learned restraint, they are always showing themselves out, and as a matter of course, making themselves dupes to the shrewd and cunning. For the formation of a powerful character there is nothing like working one's way up, not from small beginnings, but from beginnings seemingly unimportant to the mass of lookers on; there is a vast difference between the two."

"Still," I answered, "you have after all only been intimate with a particular class, so far. You have mixed with politicians, news-job-

bers and disappointed office seekers, the most thoroughly selfish of mankind. You have perhaps formed your estimate of the whole ore-bed by one sample, and that the most unfavorable. I certainly should be loth to give up my cheerful optimism on no better trial."

"As to the men you mention being the most selfish," said H——, "they are so to your eyes, simply because their selfishness is called out much more than that of others. Whenever they are prospered, and can look with confidence to a dozen dinners ahead, they are as benevolent, and as ready with their sympathy as the moneyed and puffed-up contributors to a thousand public charities. They can not often afford to be generous; and pity without its more substantial accompaniments is generally looked on with suspicion by its recipient. Hence he who gives without expressions of sympathy, will hardly incur even the charge of want of feeling, while the man who is liberal in condolence, and goes no further, runs a great risk of being called a hypocrite for his pains. Besides, there is an immense deal of cant about this word 'selfishness.' Every man owes it to himself to take the best possible care of his own life and fortunes consistent with the sublime command, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.' Paradoxical as it may seem, I think that there is too little selfishness in the world, not too much. Most men appear to be deliberately striving to ruin themselves, both for this world and the next. They commit actions which concealed, must forever sink their self-respect—man's noblest possession; which discovered, must destroy all outward reputation. They suffer their mental constitutions to become tainted with the most incurable corruptions, and not one in a thousand acts according to the known laws of physical health. But these settled opinions of mine do not interfere at all with my natural cheerfulness or daily happiness. It is the part of the wise to take the world as it is, while at the same time laboring steadily to reform it. I understand the men with whom I deal, and most of them know it. By constantly pursuing an undeviating course of action, I gain power over them, by as much as principle is in the long run stronger than impulse. I show that I am not to be put down in the least by vulgar riches or boasting pride. Depend upon it, my dear fellow, that men will have little respect for him who has not an all-controlling respect for himself. If one feels that he is in his place, he can desire no outward or foreign help in keeping it. It was only when the ancient warrior turned his back, that he could be wounded. By taking advantage of man's weaknesses and constant shiftings; by firm and steady action; not by superior talents or longer experience; I often extort from them what at first they never would have thought of granting. Above all things, however, I abhor unfairness; and he who has once trusted in me, will, I find, always do so afterward. This to me has been of more value than the rent-roll of a county.

"Friends I have plenty of, such as they are. A politician and a journalist cannot usually at first distinguish between true friends and friends of convenience. Our paper was of great use to the present

President in this part of the State, and has since the election been a firm supporter of the administration. It was well known therefore that what recommendations my partner or myself might send to Washington in behalf of petitioners for office here, would not be without weight. On this hint some of our political acquaintance acted. You can't think how friendly they suddenly became. So liberal too, and generous! There was nothing they would not do for us. Well, we were just compliant enough to solicit government favors for a half dozen or so. One of the claimants was rewarded; for the others we received very polite negatives. The consequence was that all for whom we had not applied, and those who were disappointed, have either withdrawn their subscriptions, or have been very cool since; and the fortunate man has actually forgotten us—at least I am charitable enough to imagine so. Perhaps he can not be let off so easily as this. Rochefoucauld you know says that men are not apt to forget benefits or injuries, and often hate those who have obliged them. This may be the clue to M—'s conduct, for he is an excessively proud man, and my society might be a disagreeable refresher to his recollections. By virtue of his office he is receiving some three or four thousand a year, not to speak of perquisites, which, I am quite confident, he never refuses. Four years hence he would dislike to have it said that I helped raise the ladder for him. I do not say that I am disappointed in him, or particularly wounded by his neglect. It is about what I expected. Such events should make us more cautious, not less happy. I am independent of him, and am glad that he is now independent of me. I do not want however for friends on whom I can rely. I can see also that I have agreeably disappointed many who were on first acquaintance a little mistrustful, but who would now place almost unlimited confidence in me. Most people imagine—and they have too good ground for it—that politicians and public men have two sets of principles; one for the people, the other for individual action. This error, let me say vice, of popular leaders I have diligently labored to avoid. I have been forced to contend strongly against it; it is so easy to write out dazzling and captivating sentiments, so difficult to act them. In the great questions of reform, in the social movements of the day, in the progress of all that is called truth—much of which must be delusive,—I have gone no farther on paper than in practical attempt. I may have failed to live up to my precepts, but it was from no lack of honest and earnest endeavor. But," continued he, rising, "let us return home, the night air grows chilly; this you must remember is the land of fever and ague."

"Yes," I replied, "mentally and physically, the heats and frigidities of the soul as well as of the body. After all, man will never colonize Utopia, and if he did, he would soon fill it with a moral malaria that would engender malevolence, and strengthen all his innate evil passions. I may as well give up my dreams of universal confidence, sympathy, and friendship, at least for our day. The millennial years must of necessity come, but we do not yet see their dawning twilight.

What I expected to find common, I discover a rarity. Poets whom I once thought philosophers, I must henceforth regard as prophets, heralds of years far in the future, and the fulfilment of their visions like Daniel's is distant a thousand, two hundred and ninety days. Thus far you have realized your theories. I shall not rake up further our old arguments. I am afraid you would soon make me believe that there is no such thing as Love. If Feeling and Friendship are so rarely to be met with, where shall we find their sublimated essence?"

"Comfort yourself, my dear fellow," rejoined H—, "here I shall not darken your views, if indeed you have already permitted them a sombre cast. I am perfectly light-hearted, for I commenced life with tolerably correct estimates. I don't doubt but I shall come in time to be satisfied with that imperfect love about which you recollect we used to talk. It would I think suit me very well, practically, if not theoretically. It is a kind into which, and out of which, people can fall without breaking their hearts, and so far it agrees with human nature. Did you ever read Rochefoucauld's ideas on the continuance of love? They are ingenious and mostly true, I imagine, for he was an acute observer. No! well, I can't give them in their precise order just now, but I will rehearse you a short story very much to the point, which was written by a close student of his works.

"'Never were two persons more passionately attached to each other than Adolphe and Celeste. Their love was a proverb. Of course it was an unhappy attachment; their parents refused to sanction their union. They wrote ardent letters, and finally resolved that if they could not live together, they would die separately. They took poison, simultaneously, but remedies were at hand, and their parents seeing their devotion consented to its reward. They were married.

'Adolphe and Celeste loved each other so entirely that their rapture lasted several months. What at first was passion had grown habit, and each blamed the other for want of affection, if he or she ever indulged in the novelty of different pursuits.

'As they had nothing to do but to look at those faces they had thought so handsome, so it was now and then difficult not to yawn, and of late there had been little speeches like the following:

"'Adolphe, my love, you never talk to me,—put down that odious book you are always reading."

"'Celeste, my angel, you don't hear me. I am telling you about my travels, and you gape in my face."

"'I!" and Celeste gazing reproachfully on Adolphe, perceived something in his eyes that surprised her. "Good heavens," said she to herself, "Adolphe certainly squints."

'On the other hand Adolphe murmured, "Bless me, I never saw this before. Let me look again,—yes certainly, she has—a wart on her chin!"

'Shortly after, they related their discoveries to each other. Celeste burst into tears. Adolphe seized his hat, mounted his horse, and went for the doctor.

"It must have been after some absence," said the philosophic Galen, "that this little defect was perceived by you."

"After absence! we have not been a day separated since we married."

"O ho," thought the doctor, sinking into a reverie,—it was mentioned that he was a philosopher,—but it did not require much philosophy to know that persons who could have died for each other a few months ago were not alienated only by a wart or a cast in the eye.

"They arrived at Adolphe's villa. They entered the saloon. Celeste no longer wept; she had put on her most becoming cap, and had the air of an insulted but uncomplaining wife! the doctor put on his spectacles—he regarded first one, and then the other.

"Sir," said he deliberately, "this lady has certainly a pimple on the left of her chin considerably smaller than a pin's head. And, madam, the pupil of your husband's right eye is, like that of nine persons out of ten, the hundredth part of an inch nearer his nose than the pupil of the left. But I do not wonder that you, sir, think the pimple so enormous; and you, madam, the eye so distorted, since you see each other every day."

"The pair were struck by a secret and simultaneous conviction,—when an express arrived breathless to summon Adolphe to his father, who was taken suddenly ill. At the end of three months Adolphe returned. Celeste's wart had entirely vanished, and Celeste found her husband's eyes as beautiful as ever.

"Taught by experience, they learned then, that warts rapidly grow upon chins, and squints readily settle on eyes that are too constantly seen; and that it is easy for two persons to die joyfully together when lovers, but prodigiously difficult without economizing the presence, to live comfortably together when married.'"

C. B.

A Sportsman's Adventure.

I CAN NOT but think frequently of an old friend with whom I was, two years ago, on terms of the greatest intimacy. When I first knew him, Charles E— was about twenty-six years old, of moderate height and size; his shoulders massive, without being clumsy, and his *tout ensemble* perfect. His eyes were neither blue, black, or gray, but rather brown. Short dark hair, somewhat curly in its tendency, surmounted a face, whose expression was pleasing, if not thoroughly symmetrical. His hands were small, and apparently as delicate as a woman's. But those who knew E— were well aware there was plenty of muscle in them, and not even a vice could gripe harder. Charley's history was somewhat singular. His father, though not

exactly affluent, gave him an excellent education, and, at his death, left a sum which, when properly invested, yielded a snug little income, quite sufficient to confer independence. E—— was then only nineteen. He spent his time in the various follies common to most youths under such circumstances, until he arrived at years of legal discretion, and thus acquired unrestrained control over his property. Everybody prophesied that the wild, impulsive young scamp would ultimately become recklessly dissipated. Luckily for him, however, his character found an opening whereby it could enjoy the freest scope, with the least injury to himself or others. Charley took it into his head one fine day, to visit an old college friend, who resided on a Louisiana plantation. He immediately packed up, set off, and, for three years nothing more was heard, either from, or concerning him. After this lapse of time, he returned to his native village, completely altered, both physically and mentally, from what he had been of old. His chest had dilated to an Herculean extent; his muscular strength had been thoroughly developed by long and arduous exercise; his voice, once low, and almost effeminate, was now loud and clear as a bell. A mighty pair of whiskers, and a complexion swarthy as a chestnut, adduced still more obvious evidences of his manhood.

At least half a dozen enormous packing-boxes accompanied E——'s advent, and their contents as soon as produced and duly arranged in his peculiarly private snugger, made the uninitiated townsmen of S - - - stare in earnest. Buck antlers; bison horns; deer, bear, and panther skins; curiously carved powder horns; rifles, pistols, hunting knives, and tomahawks of all sizes, formed a medley which would have equally delighted Frank Forrester, and shocked Sir Henry Cole. Three or four noble hounds, of a breed scarcely ever seen in its purity north of Mason and Dixon's line, accompanied Charley, and were seldom out of his sight. They attended him in all his peregrinations, they ate from his own dish, and some believed that they slept in his own bed. In a word, E—— had left his native place, half boy, half dandy, and half "blood"—he returned a man and a sportsman every inch of him.

For my own part I have always felt an itching towards the noble "art of venerie," and was tolerably acquainted with the mysteries of double barrels, diamond FFF, Eley's cartridges, and patent shot, from the time when I was just able, as they say out West, "to reach the top of a ramrod." Half my leisure time was spent in scrambling, with a gun over my shoulder, through all the woods and marshes to be found within a circle whose radius was ten miles, "more or less," and whose centre, the paternal mansion. In the course of these perambulations, I frequently encountered E——, bent upon similar objects, and thus we came, by degrees, to a fast friendship. Many a "timberdoodle" have we floored—many a bold grouse has humbled his variegated beauties before us—many a hill have we sweated over, and many a swamp waded through—and many an amusing story of Western adventure have I heard from his lips. It is one of these

last which I would narrate to the reader ; premising, however, that the tale runs, not *verbatim, et literatim, et punctuatim*, "as 'twas told to me," yet as strictly as possible in the spirit of the original.

"I was once," said E——, "placed under circumstances which led to my becoming acquainted, and ultimately, passing some time with, a stout old backwoodsman, who had 'squatted' himself, rifle, hogs, wife, and children, in one of the wildest sections of country to be found in the western part of Louisiana ; having only two neighbors within a circuit of thirty miles.

"One morning a negro came to my friend's cabin, with the information that he had just stumbled on the tracks of three panthers—the largest being evidently a 'rouser'—in the neighboring canebrake. My sturdy host and his two sons immediately took down their rifles, called their dogs, and prepared for an exterminatory crusade against such undesirable neighbors. I was pressed to join the expedition ; but, though it had never been my luck to encounter a panther, and though I was sufficiently anxious for a chance, yet I had been so much wearied by my last week's fagging, that I did not care to endure another day of hard work. I therefore declined, and the party set forth without me.

"But, after lounging about for an hour or two, I felt so intolerably *ennuyed*, that I resolved to take my gun and shoot a few black squirrels, by way of killing time with the minimum of fatigue. So I took down 'old fourteen,' loaded with No. 5, and set out. As I passed the rough outhouse which served as a dog-kennel, my attention was attracted by a violent scratching and whining. It proceeded from my own favorite hound, who had used this expressive mode of petitioning to accompany me. The animal was a present from one of my Louisiana friends, who owned a fine pack of rough highland deer-hounds, crossed with the South American blood-hound. My own dog was one of the finest specimens of the breed, and his muscular strength and courage were so extraordinary, that I had named him 'Dare-devil.'

"For a moment I deliberated whether to take the dog with me or not, but finally decided in the negative. I bade him be silent and 'lie down,' then directed my course towards a broad strip of open forest, some three miles distant, and promising an abundance of the game which I was searching for. Nor did it belie that promise. Squirrels, gray and black, were as plentiful, and as impudent as ever I saw 'reds' in New England. After having shot about a dozen, I began to grow sick of the butchery, and loading both barrels of my gun with buck-shot, strolled idly forward, in hope of encountering a deer or suchlike 'big varmint.'

"There was no necessity for a long search. I had not gone more than a quarter of a mile when I heard, first a scratching noise, and then an indistinct whine, both of which seemed to come from above. Looking closely into a large cottonwood tree, which fronted me, I at last spied a young panther cub, in one of the 'notches,' towards the top. Had I possessed a grain of common sense, I should have let the

animal alone, for its mother could not have been far off, and a she-panther with young, is a brute which the boldest do not care to encounter, unless particularly well armed. Without any reflection, I threw up my gun. A steady aim, followed by the crack of my left hand barrel, caused the little animal to descend from its 'bad eminence' almost instantly. But, though pierced through with half a dozen buckshot, it possessed great tenacity of life—as, by the way, almost all young animals of the cat tribe do—and continued for some minutes rolling about in agony, scratching the earth with its claws, and sending forth piteous moans. Not having attained the complete stoicism of an old hunter, I began to feel as though, like the Ancient Mariner, 'I had done a hellish thing,' and raised my gun a second time, in order to finish the victim's misery. But this intention was prevented by an occurrence, equally disagreeable and unforeseen. The moans of the cub were suddenly responded to by a fierce growl, and turning in astonishment, I beheld a female panther of terrific size, crouching on the ground about fifteen feet distant, and looking alternately at me and her cub. I attempted to take aim, but in such a flurry that the muzzle of my gun described all sorts of diagrams round the head of the panther, and when I fired, the contents only tore up the ground by her side. Like a thunderbolt the enraged animal dashed at me, and though I endeavored to spring aside, it was of so little use, that, in a moment, I found myself flat on my back, with the panther crouching on my breast, and the blood running from my neck and shoulder, where her claws were fastened.

"Both barrels of my gun having been discharged, it was now useless, and besides this, was lying quite out of reach. My large hunting knife, and my tomahawk, had both been left behind, and the only available weapon remaining, was a small dagger, which I had drawn as I fell. But though sharp, and well tempered, it was a mere toy, not exceeding, hilt and all, seven or eight inches in length. Before I could, with such an instrument, have inflicted a mortal wound upon the panther, her tremendous teeth and claws would have made short work with me. Slender indeed appeared my chance for life—and oh! how bitterly did I repent my crazy imprudence! The savage animal's hot breath blew full on my cheek,—the foam from her jaws dripped over my face,—and at every slight movement, her claws penetrated still more deeply into my flesh! I had frequently heard strange tales about the controlling power which the human eye possesses over brutes, and, though almost hopeless of their truth, kept my gaze steadily fixed upon her own, till at last, the strained eyeballs could endure no longer, and the lids mechanically fell over them. With eyes thus closed, I awaited the final struggle after one ardent though silent prayer. Desperation prompted me, however, to grasp my dagger with the determination of inflicting wound for wound, so long as my arm had the power to strike, and my eyes to direct the blow!

"Still the panther seemed unwilling to decide my fate. Whether

attracted by the cries of her cub, which was yet alive, or thinking from my silence that I was already dead, she still kept her former quiescent attitude. But this could not last much longer.

"Suddenly I heard a rustling in the bushes! My heart was racked with suspense, as to whether it was occasioned by a friend or an enemy. The question was not long left undecided. The snapping of twigs, which announced the approach of some heavy body, grew louder, and the panther glanced uneasily round. In another moment a large dog bounded into the arena. By heavens, it was *Dare-devil*! The noble hound had contrived to make his escape from confinement, and appeared just in time to save his master's life! For a few seconds he stood still, while the panther was glaring at him, but evidently reluctant to leave her first victim. I began to fear that *Dare-devil* might, after all, shun the encounter. But I did the gallant fellow injustice. Drawing himself back, he bounded upon the panther, and, sinking his teeth into her throat, tore her from me with such violence that her claws ploughed through my flesh for two or three inches! Round and round they went, *Dare-devil* shaking the beast as a terrier does a rat, and thus preventing her from effectively using either tooth or claw. At last he threw her off. But the enraged brute had scarcely touched ground before she turned about and again closed with him. Meanwhile I had loaded my gun, but if I fired, it was impossible to say on which of the combatants my shot might take effect. However I could not bear to see my brave dog sacrificed, and was just about taking aim as correctly as possible, when another thought struck me. Close by lay a large stone. I knocked the cap from my gun, took it by the muzzle, and dashed the butt upon the stone with so much violence that both stock and lock flew into shivers, and the barrel remaining in my hands formed a short and heavy, but effective bludgeon. Just as I turned round after accomplishing this, *Dare-devil* had flung off his opponent for the third time, and she did not appear so ready as formerly to renew the conflict, remaining where she fell for a few seconds. But the sides of the good hound were streaming with blood, and his strength, if not his spirit, was evidently much abated. I stepped quietly up behind the panther, and as she was drawing back preparing for a final spring, I discharged a blow with all my strength upon her skull. I could hear the bones crack as the heavy iron crushed through them—mingled blood and brains splashed almost into my face, and the panther after one slight motion, lay dead!

"Well, there you have all of interest. *Dare-devil* and I both got to my friend's cabin in safety, and were both in a sufficiently deuced pickle to be laid up for a week. He served me well and faithfully for many months longer, and, to the best of my recollection, the only time that I have shed a tear within the last five years, was at his death, caused by some unknown illness. There's a clean meerschaum for you—the tobacco is undoubted feinen." And straightway E—and myself ascended into the clouds.

E. P. C.

Sailing From Italy.

FAREWELL to thy bright shores, fair Italy,
Thou lovely land in which I fain would dwell !
On rapid wing I hasten o'er yon sea
That rolls between my father-land and thee,
Reluctantly I breathe—Farewell !

Farewell, for aye to thy delicious clime ;
Thy many speaking ruins, that can tell
Of patriot deeds, immortal and sublime,
Of Fame but hallowed by the hand of Time,
To ye I waft a sad Farewell !

Farewell to thy Favonian airs, that breathe
In mildest zephyrs through each grove and dell ;
Unto the silver seas, that gently lave
Thy pebbled strand, or sportive toss the wave
Upon thy sunny shores ; Farewell !

Farewell to thy rich vine-clad heights ; thy groves
Of scented verdure, where the fairy spell
Of olden time, in warbling music flows
From gay-plumed songsters, and the blooming rose
Perfumes the summer air ; Farewell !

Farewell to those historic spots, where lie
The mouldering graves of them who, fighting, fell
Around thy walls, proud Rome ! to Pompeii,
Her living tombs, among which mournful sigh
The wandering winds ; Farewell !

Farewell, thou cherished home of Poets' dreams !
Thou land of many hopes, which fondly swell
Within the breasts of those who seek for Fame
Among thy classic hills and storied streams,
And halls of old ; Farewell !

And fare thee well, once more. The bounding bark
That bears me from thy clime, awaits to swell
Her eager wings in homeward flight, to tell
Them there of thy fair charms, thou land of Art !
Loved country, Fare thee well !

If e'er again I tread thy smiling shore,
 Or e'er beneath thy sunny skies I dwell,
 If e'er I come to thee again, no more
 As now, will I depart; to thee, no more
 As now, give up a sad Farewell!

B.

McFingal.

— "Ridiculum acri

Fortius ac melius magnas plenumque secat res."

Hos.

To the present generation of Americans, McFingal is little known. Few have read it, and fewer still are acquainted with its merits. It is for the purpose of bringing it to the notice of those within the sphere of our influence, and, if possible, of persuading them to read it for themselves, that we have undertaken the following sketch. It is an epic poem, in four cantos, first published in Connecticut, in 1782. The author of this curious burlesque was John Trumbull, Esq., an eminent counsellor in the State of Connecticut, a near relative of the patriot Governor of that name, and of Col. Trumbull the artist. He is known, both in this country and in England, as the author of many valuable works, both in prose and verse, but his greatest celebrity was obtained through this humorous epic. The design of the author is to ridicule the acts of the British Parliament, and the means adopted by them for the subjugation of the revolted colonies. In the course of his argument, the British government and all its agents are brought to the torture on account of the American revolutionary war. Of its merits as a poem, it is sufficient to say, that it has passed through several editions, both in this country and in England, and has been universally acknowledged one of the most perfect specimens of wit and satire extant. Its style is eminently lively and attractive, abounding in classical allusions, and containing an unusually brilliant vein of humor and irony. The author shows himself neither an over-zealous whig nor a ranting tory, but a true friend of American freedom, and the excesses of his own countrymen find no mercy at his hands. Not only are the misdemeanors of Great Britain brought under his lash, but the defects of the old articles of compact, which bound the colonies previous to the constitution of 1789, the misguided zeal of some ardent whigs, also the names and characters of some whom the public had not fully detected, are most unceremoniously dealt with. The old continental currency, which was so literally a child of necessity, is represented under the form of an aged female of feeble constitution and ghastly visage, hobbling on crutches, behind her funeral pall, down to a grave already dug. Almost every circumstance attending the war of Independence is brought in as a victim to grace this *auto da fé*.

McFingal is a successful imitation of Hudibras, and the adventures celebrated in it are more pleasing, from the fact of their greater diversity, and the more elegant delineations of the various characters. It sustains the same relation to the American, which Hudibras does to the English revolution, and the moral is the same in both; "that the love of power under whatever disguise, is the same passion, and pursues its object by similar practices."

The time at which this poem was written, as well as the interesting scenes which it portrays, should be enough to recommend it to the attention of every one. But besides these considerations, it is a valuable memento of the spirit of the times, showing that however dark the political horizon might be, however onerous the burdens under which they struggled, our fathers yet found time and place for pleasantries, and made their difficulties and dangers the theme of private mirth, as well as of more public and solemn deliberation. Viewed in this light we prize it highly. We are too much accustomed to associate scenes of toil and suffering with the war of Independence, and to regard the Americans of that day as a poor, forlorn, sorrow-stricken community, entirely bereft, and almost incapable of amusement. This is a serious mistake, and one which will be most effectually corrected by a careful perusal of McFingal. Perhaps no age has ever exceeded this in agreeable humor and brilliant wit. Certainly none has furnished a more perfect epic. We have accordingly thought fit to notice it here, for the double purpose of calling up some almost forgotten reminiscences of early American character, and of affording ourselves an agreeable recreation in so doing.

The first scene is laid in Massachusetts, at about the time of the battle of Lexington,

"When Yankees, skilled in martial rule,
First put the British troops to school,"

and by their energy and enterprise in teaching, coupled with rather severe discipline, made them

"Work, like Christians undissembling,
Salvation out by fear and trembling."

The two principal heroes are Esquire McFingal and Honorius; the former representing the tory party in general, and the latter a stout republican. The character of this famous Esquire is suggested by an old epic, entitled Fingal, by Ossian, a Scotch poet of the third century. Our author, with due reverence, acknowledges his obligations to McPherson, the publisher of that poem, but insists that "Old Fingal spelt it with a Mac." He introduces the Esquire as a precocious stripling from "Scotia's fog-benighted islands," and gives a detailed account of his youthful freaks, his education, and entrance on public life. Here he figures conspicuously. He becomes at once a blustering pettifogger, and a sober judge; a priest, prophet, and parasite. Having been transported to America, his fame increases wonderfully.

—— "Every chief
Pinned faith on great McFingal's sleeve,"

and when he gave the signal,

"Not quicker rolled the waves to land,
When Moses waved his potent wand;
Nor with more uproar, than the tories
Set up a general rout in chorus."

McFingal having become established as leader of the American tories, first encounters Honorius at a kind of mass meeting in a country church; a house, which, our author says, served heaven but one day in the week, and was open all the rest for "news and politics, and lies." The moderator, in accordance with the custom of that day, is stationed in the pulpit; while the constable waves his staff over the gaping multitude and preserves due order. Honorius forthwith proceeds to address the motley assemblage, in pathetic strains, on the second childishness of Mother England. He descants upon her decrepitude, her bent form, and decaying memory, and intimates that she may soon become a morsel for Gallic crows. He alludes to her past ambition, her persevering efforts to subject the whole world to her "almighty goodyship," and lashes tories without mercy. This rouses the holy anger of the Esquire. He interrupts the speaker and gains the floor. He warns his tory friends that they are in great danger from the influence of "feathers, tar, and liberty-poles," and moves an adjournment for further deliberation. A respite being thus afforded both heroes to make preparations for a more desperate encounter, they appear again in the second Canto, at a regular Yankee town-meeting. Those who have witnessed a country meeting of this kind in New England, can best appreciate the merits of this part of the poem. The scenery is perfect. The moderator, perched in the pulpit as before, displays his upper half above the cushion, "like Sol half seen behind a cloud," while the brawny constable enforces due decorum, and opens the meeting with three O Yeses. Then commences a regular "set to" between our heroes, bearing no faint resemblance to a modern Congressional scene, wherein we are entertained with a most whimsical altercation, constantly reminding us of the cut-and-thrust argumentative dialogues between Sir Hudibras and his Esquire Ralph. Among the rest is a humorous apology for political lying, which we would recommend as a specific for troubled consciences, to such of our Washington dignitaries as are not already past recovery.

In the progress of this discussion, the peculiarities of Yankee character, the prevailing habits and customs of that day, the arrogance of England, and the perfidy of her emissaries, are brought out in a most ludicrous light. Their entire argument is interspersed with personal allusions to conspicuous characters, not always, to say the least, very complimentary, and with the most amusing reflections on the conduct and valor of the British arms. Meanwhile, in one corner of the church is seen a group, waging a war of extermination on piles of

pocket pies and bread and cheese, though our poet declines to versify the entire bill of fare, while here and there the guiding spirits of the occasion are leading off their respective followers, like files of geese, for private consultation. The debate soon becomes stormy. A crisis approaches. Every fist is "cocked and primed," and groans and hisses, the shuffling of feet and rattling of pew doors, give most unmistakable evidence that some other power than mere oratory must be appealed to, to settle the difficulty. The moderator's cries "to order," mingled with the universal shouting of the multitude below, remind us of the time in *Æsop's* fable,

"When every creature talked at once :
Or, of the variegated gabble
Which crazed the carpenters of Babel."

In this humorous way, the author exposes the immediate causes, and opening scenes of the American revolution. The war of words, of petition and remonstrance, of prayers and threatenings, which preceded an appeal to arms, is most valiantly waged by these two champions. The claims of England are stoutly advocated by the loyal Esquire, while the younger Honorius pleads the cause of American Independence. The populace are divided in sentiment. Each leader has his admirers and supporters. Both become clamorous for the supremacy. Honorius calls off his forces to prepare for war. McFingal at the head of his tory legion sallies forth to disperse them, when the moderator,

—— "left alone, with solemn face
Adjourns them without time or place."

Next comes the war, represented by the raising of a liberty pole. The whigs, with due solemnities, erect the pole, perform the dedication rites, and pour about it profuse libations of "flip," which in those days was presumed to contain the very quintessence of public spirit. McFingal, attended by his clan, being attracted to the place by the closing "three times three," vociferates with royal rage against such seditious proceedings. Forthwith he draws his "old militia sword" and proceeds to demolish therewith this Dagon of the idolatrous whigs. Opposition is made, and clubs and stones assail him from every quarter. The constable is called to read the riot act, but the shell is broken, and—

"At once, with resolution fatal
Both whigs and tories rush to battle;
Instead of weapons either band
Seized on such arms as came to hand;
And clubs and billets, staves and stones
Met fierce, encountering every scone,
And covered o'er with knobs and pains
Each void receptacle for brains."

McFingal, with true British heroism, stands his ground and deals blows of vengeance on the devoted Yankees, until by some luckless hit, his sword is broken in his hand. Dismay and terror seize upon him, and he calls aloud on his allies for assistance, but

"In vain: the tories all had run
When scarce the fight was well begun—
Their setting wigs he saw decreased
Far in th' horizon towards the west ;"

and recollecting that discretion is the better part of valor, he seeks safety in flight. The victory was gained—the liberty pole still stood erect, and the Esquire and his cohorts were fleeing before their pursuers. Quite a comedy ensues. McFingal and the constable are overtaken and captured. They elevate the constable to the top of the pole by a rope tied to his waistband, where he makes a formal recantation of his tory principles, and on showing symptoms of penitence, and promising good behavior in future, he is released. Promotion of this kind having failed to excite contrition or remorse in the mind of the Esquire, measures are immediately taken to adorn him with a becoming livery. A bench of Justice is erected on the spot, a jury summoned, and, after a brief examination, Esquire McFingal, having been convicted of being a notorious tory, is handed over to the populace to be tarred and feathered as the law directs. Suffice it to say, that, when his term had expired and he was allowed to go free, he could

—— "No longer boast on Plato's* plan,
To rank amid the race of man ;
Or prove his claim to human nature
As a two-legged unfeathered creature."

In this most humiliating plight, McFingal, in the fourth Canto, at midnight, harrangues an assembly of Tories in his cellar. In despair of his cause, he alludes to past events, and glances with prophetic eye over the subsequent progress of the war. But the main part of his discourse is the recital of a vision, in which all the past, present and future events of the revolution had appeared to him in regular succession. Here the talents and exploits of several British Generals are celebrated ; and the affairs of the entire continent pass in review. But we can not attempt to follow out the thread of this curious narrative. It would involve the entire history of the war. The conclusion at which the Esquire arrives in view of these untoward events, and the resolution which he proposes for adoption runs thus :

"Tis time our principles to change—
For vain that boasted faith which gathers
No perquisite but tar and feathers ;
No pay but whigs' insulting malice,
And no promotion but the gallows."

* Alluding to Plato's famous definition of man, "*animal bipes, implusis.*"

Here he is again interrupted by the mob ; who, having discovered this subterranean convocation, make ominous demonstrations at the door. McFingal, however, effects an escape through a window and leaves both the mob and the reader in ignorance of his whereabouts ; the poem closing on his flight to Boston.

Mr. Trumbull has sustained his characters admirably throughout. Nowhere can we find a more truthful and life-like representation of the "times which tried men's souls," than in this poem. Although his rhymes are sometimes horrid, his satirical genius certainly surpasses all others. He seems to have paid little attention to Butler's rule, which was, "If one line contains all the sense, be sure and make a rhyme of the other." Indeed, it would seem that he intended such uncouth verses as a burlesque on all rhyme ; or, that he had no better an ear than the alehouse keeper who, on his sign, made Simon Webster rhyme with Robin Hood. But faults of this kind are few, and find ready pardon when glossed with such admirable humor. While this poem has all the wit, it is free from the inconsistencies of Hudibras. The author is more careful in the selection of his words, so that there is nothing which the most refined ear need disown. The effect of such a production on the minds of the Americans, after the success of their efforts, is very easily imagined. Even in England it was received with much applause, and being very extensively circulated, contributed in no slight degree to soften the rancor of party spirit. Again we say, while no Englishman is ignorant of Hudibras, no American should be unacquainted with McFingal, and no library should be considered complete which does not contain both these master-pieces of rival doggerel. Such recriminations frequently present the truth in a clearer and more satisfactory light than the most labored arguments, while their ludicrous style gives an indelible impression to the lessons they teach.

A. H.

Anti-Arcadian.

WHEN poets' rhymes begin to flag, and Pegasus grows crusty,
And appetite is fiercely keen, and thought is strangely rusty,
Kind Providence an opening leaves, to save each hungry sinner ;
The poet sings a country life, and singing, earns his dinner.

For ever since old Horace lived, and framed the vinous ditty,
Poets of every age and stamp have joined to curse the city ;
To curse its noise, its dust, its ways, its artificial gases,
To sigh for pure Arcadian joys, and praise the country lasses.

Now this may do quite well for rhyme, but most men stick to reason ;
An oyster stew in hot July, is slightly out of season ;
And so, '*me judice*,' is all this host of fulsome praises,
Of shepherdesses, milkmaids, swains, and meadows bright with daises.

I don't deny that grass is green, that brooks are clear as amber—
I don't deny that ivies rich, o'er mossy oak trees clamber—
I don't deny that beauty glows in all of Nature's shading—
In gardens flushed with early spring, in autumn's foliage fading.

But grass, and brooks, and ivies rich, though very good in fiction,
Do very little after all but aid the poet's diction.
And though an air of beauty hangs about the distant cottage,
Its inmates find the picturesque poor seasoning to their pottage.

Your friend, who loves the country much, has bought a '*Far Niente*,'
And asks you out in August heats, to spend ten days or twenty ;
You think it vastly fine to see the country in its glory,
And so you pack your guns and rods, and throw aside your '*Story*.'

Your friend is very kind, his spouse more careful than a mother,
They put you in a feather-bed, and leave you there to smother ;
They nail the window sashes down, they stuff the chinks with cotton,
Nor do they leave a single mode of torture forgotten.

You dream all night of Etna's fires, of fiendish noises ringing—
You wake—around your hapless face you hear mosquitoes singing.
You stagger to the looking glass, your faithful optics show you,
That even in your father's halls your sisters would n't know you !

You shoot no game,—the grounds were cleared last spring, by poaching sinners ;
The trout refuse your English flies, the pickerel scorn your minnows ;
The fair, of whom you heard so much, have shocking bad complexions—
You shudder at their dentist's bills,—one has such strange reflections !

No ! Give to tillers of the field your sympathizing pity,
And praise the country if you will, but keep within the city ;
Or if at any time you wish to change your situation,
Select your rural residence hard by a railway station.

C. B.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

THE appearance of a new book from the pen of Mr. Emerson is an event of no little interest and importance in the literary world. We say this with confidence, notwithstanding the sneers and deprecations of many excellent people who are ignorant of his productions, and of a few who are not. It is a matter of fact that Mr. Emerson has numerous readers and warm admirers, and with these the cry of Nonsense! Absurdity! Blasphemy! will be of little avail. Since it can not be denied that he possesses a singular power of attraction and fascination over some minds, would it not be more just and philosophical to search for the elements of this power, than to decry and ridicule its effects?

We can not believe, as some would fain have us, that his power is merely that of obscurity and mystery,—a sort of Masonic profundity, into the dark emptiness of which many spend time and toil to penetrate, and then care not to confess that they have laid out a fool's labor. We have too much faith in human nature to admit it; besides this our own reading has convinced us that the judgment of his admirers here, and the almost universal voice of foreign criticism is not false in awarding to him at least the merit of great brilliancy and attractiveness of style and abundant originality and richness of thought. The grace and fitness of his metaphors, the freshness of his expressions, the poetic and truthful originality of his descriptions, in which by the introduction of new items and new facts, unknown to the common-place book of the poet, he re-creates old scenes of which the eye was tired, and restores to them more than their primitive interest,—all these rare qualities it would be an easy task to illustrate from the volume before us; but they are so evident to the eye of the reader that we need not specify them particularly. Another and more important element of Mr. Emerson's power is an earnest and genial manliness. With this his writings are quickened and flushed as with a heart-blood. His reverence for virtue, his love of man, his hopeful faith in progress, his religious care for the spiritual above the material, and his unrestrained freedom of thought and speculation, must and do make him many friends among a class whom mere genius and intellect fail to conciliate. We think it no arrogance, if, in this place, we assume to represent the class of young men; and we may not believe that any cry of blasphemy or impiety, or any frightful exhibition of consequences, will ever convince the consciences of young men of the sinfulness of free-thought. The sin of blasphemy lies as we think, not in opinion, but in language. In the present instance, however Mr. Emerson's carelessness of other people's opinions, or rather his desire of irritating their ideas, may have led him into startling expressions, we are not ready to believe him guilty of intentional impiety.

We come now to speak of the substance of intellectual opinions

* REPRESENTATIVE MEN: *Seven Lectures.*—By R. W. Emerson. Boston, 1850.

which underlies the qualities we have described above. And we say in the outset that we speak of these with no favorable feelings. Mr. Emerson, both in his manner of life and manner of writing, seems to hold himself in a sphere beyond the weaknesses and limitations of ordinary humanity. Secluded in his cottage at Concord, he spends his time in rapt communion with Nature and with "the Spirit," only interrupting his meditations to make his annual journey to Boston, where his Egerian revelations are communicated to wondering disciples in lectures whose spiritual contents are afterwards set forth to the less appreciating vulgar by means of the material types of Monroe & Co. Now an oracular and exclusive style like this does not commend Mr. Emerson to the favor of this puritanic and democratic community. We feel toward him as toward those fantastic itinerant prophets, hairless and bearded, who sometimes attempt to enlighten our incredulous ears with a new apocalypse,—that is, we take pleasure in seeing him contradicted and "*snubbed*." But we have always noticed that the most effectual method to pursue toward these characters is not a course of dispute and argument, but one of concession and respect; to receive their disturbing novelties as if they were the most unquestioned, old-fashioned, matter-of-course orthodoxy; or (when this is impossible) as if they were at least nothing but very old and common-place error. Then, certainly, if not before, will the unentertained angels be persuaded to shake off the dust of their feet, and leave the light-haters in peace and darkness. Thus we wish to show that the sublimated Emerson is much such an one as ourselves, that his oddities and peculiarities rise from very human causes, and that his oracular sayings find their proper category in some of the various "isms" known to the dictionary.

Perhaps the characteristic by which Mr. Emerson is best known is his obscurity. This we do not ascribe to affectation, though if we did there would be few to deny it. Neither is it due entirely to the abstract nature of his subjects, and the ethereal and spiritual substance of his thoughts, as his friends would fain persuade us. There is another cause, quite sufficient to account for it, and which is very well known to exist—his *excessive horror of cant*. This he learned in his early training as an Unitarian minister, and soon bettered his instruction so that his teachers discarded him. His hatred of cant has now risen to such a pitch that it has become a moral principle with him never to call a thing twice by the same name: we verily believe he would deny the Deity of Reason or his own inspiration, if it were offered to him in a formula and mentioned as "the same" and "the aforesaid;" we only wonder that he has not conscientious scruples against the use of the personal pronouns. The obscurity that must result from the want of a nomenclature is too obvious to need further words.

Mr. Emerson's ostentation of universal learning has become in his later works, and particularly in this his last, so striking as to be a marked characteristic of his style. It is difficult to charge a charac-

ter of such beauty and nobleness with the attempt to impose upon his reader's admiration; still we can not but think that this feature in his writing is some little relic of human weakness. We do not allude so much to his quotations from unused and unknown authorities, and his display of Chinese and Hindoo lore, as to the long and strangely diversified lists of names with which he continually decorates his pages, and which, however they may illustrate his meaning, excite an inward suspicion that they have a second object—to display the author's reading. His writings in this respect remind us strongly of compositions for the Piano-Forte, "arranged for the left hand only;" instead of carrying his theme plainly along, with an explanatory counterpoint, he flies off in a celestial rhapsody of spiritual analogies, occasionally fetching in his harmony by sweeping up an arpeggio of great names, in incongruous juxtaposition, from Adam to the Poughkeepsie prophet;—the object being "to show the skill of the performer."

To leave these mere externals: in speaking of Mr. Emerson's philosophical opinions it will be our chief end to assign him his proper place among philosophers. And first, he is *not* an Idealist,—at least in the sense in which the critics are pleased to consider him so.* That is, he believes in the reality of matter, in contradiction to the Ideal Theory of Berkeley. We are aware that in his essay on "Idealism" ("Nature," p. 59) he exhibits the nature and grounds of this theory in his most beautiful and eloquent manner, and it is from this, doubtless, that the critics have formed their opinion. Yet in the very next essay, he discards it expressly, in terms like the following: . . . "if it only deny the existence of matter, it does not satisfy the demands of the spirit. . . . The heart resists it, because it baulks the affections." p. 78. And again: "Let it stand then, in the present state of our knowledge, *merely* as a useful introductory hypothesis." p. 79. Will not this clear him from the charge of "Idealism," which most of the critics seem to take for granted?

Mr. Emerson is a mystic. His belief that the soul is a member of God, is perhaps the most prominent feature of his philosophy. We say "a *member* of God," for to say an *emanation* would not express the whole of his meaning. His ideas on this point he has so often and so variously expressed, that there can be no mistake about them. His first volume of *Essays* opens with the following proposition—an intuitive one, we suppose, or a special revelation, for he does not attempt to prove it. "There is one mind common to all individual minds. Every man is an inlet to the same, and to all of the same. He that is once admitted to the right of reason is made a freeman of the whole estate. . . . Who hath access to this universal mind is a party to all that is or can be done, for this is the *only and sovereign agent*." So elsewhere, "man is conscious of a universal soul within or behind his individual life. . . . This universal soul he calls Reason. . . . That which intellectually considered, we call Reason,

See, for example, Westminster Rev. Vol. XXXIII, Blackwood, for Jan. 1848.

considered in relation to nature, we call spirit. Spirit is the Creator." (Naturè, p. 34). Not only does he consider himself in direct communication and connection with God, but he would fain have us believe that he is "in some degree divine." We know not just what he would think to be his share of Omnipotence. We have not yet heard of his attempting to snow or lighten. He claims indeed to be the author of "Nature;" and Mr. Thoreau quite worships him: but Mr. Emerson defines his own position more exactly in the following precise and philosophical terms. "Standing on the bare ground,—my head bathed by the blithe air, and uplifted into infinite space,—all mean egotism vanishes. I become a transparent eye-ball. I am nothing. I see all. The currents of the Universal Being circulate through me; I am part or particle of God."

Mr. Emerson would apparently be glad to be considered an eclectic. He displays great liberality and catholicity in examining the doctrines of all schools except the materialists; for these he has no mercy. His eclecticism, however, seems more like the easy yielding of an amiable reader to what is said last, than the candid discrimination of a careful inquirer. We imagine that he justifies this style of criticism from some peculiar views of Universal Truth; he doubtless supposes that, as "all evil is good in the making," so all error may be undeveloped Truth—a truly transcendental conclusion.

After all, it is a very difficult task to say with certainty of Mr. Emerson, what he is, except that he is a poet. His opinions are set forth, not in a system, nor with the clear and exact expressions of the philosopher, but in the unconstrained and brilliant diction of the poet. He mingles in a splendid medley, the spiritual deductions of philosophy, and the graceful analogies of poetry, with the effect, if not with the intention, of making it extremely difficult for the mind to discriminate between the two. His pages appear in the dangerous disguise of simple prose; half their harmfulness would be prevented by the introduction of those warning capital letters which stand uttering their continual *caveat* along the pages of Bailey's Festus, and Pollok's Course of Time. It is by the grandness of his imagination, the brilliancy and beauty of his language, and the genial enthusiasm of his manner, rather than by logical power and the force of argument, that he succeeds in impressing opinions, from the plain statement of which, however true they may appear to himself, the minds of most of his readers would shrink in horror.

It only remains for us to say a word on the character of the work whose title stands at the head of this article. It exhibits in a high degree the beauty and strength of Mr. Emerson's style, at the same time presenting a practical and earthy character very unusual in his writings. Even had we room, it would not be easy to give a satisfactory account of it, for its beauties lie more in the execution than in the plan. It is sufficient to commend it as a "book to be chewed," but not to be swallowed.

L. W. B.

Editor's Table.

'Up my soul and at him again!' bravely chants a musical genius outside our Sanctum. 'Up my soul and at him again!' whispers our good angel, as we are once more driven by the Fates into this delectable 'fix.' 'Up my soul and at him again!' responds the bold heart Editorial, as it glances down the gantlet of fists and fierce faces awaiting its approach. THERE is a general complaint among our fair readers, that the present Seniors 'don't circulate.' We are credibly informed that the 'Society for the mutual admiration of Students,' and the 'Universal New Haven Henroost and Sewing Society' have, on account of this lamentable indifference of the Seniors, solemnly resolved to wear crape and eat onions for thirty days—the seventh day of the week to be excepted, when they will act in conformity to the first commandment of the Yankee Code—'Thou shalt eat codfish dinners on Saturday; neither shalt thou partake of slapjacks therewith.' The Reports of these respectable associations bear evidences of deep and poignant grief, calculated for the sympathies 'of whom it may concern.' Say they—'whereas our glory departeth, and the day of our single blessedness draweth nigh,' &c., &c. From their statistics we learn that the whole number of visiting Seniors, including everything that may with propriety be classified under that head, is three! The majority of these are stated to be 'very bad looking;' a fact that the managers not only regret, but are utterly at loss to account for. How far the statistics in question are correct, we can not say. But because of this stoical indifference of the 'Lords of Creation,' the Associations above mentioned have abandoned their regular meetings within doors, to assemble promiscuously in Chapel street, on every sunny afternoon, and occasionally in the galleries of the College Chapel of a Sabbath evening. And now the reflecting mind may discover a practical illustration of the philosophical principle of 'the Association of Ideas' in the comical association of sexes, (in which the College has a fair share,) which is to be seen

'Lumbering down the street, down the street, down the street,'

every fine day, between four and five, P. M. We fear to humour upon this theme, lest the ghost of some 'stricken dear' shall terrify our pacific slumbers. But we must confess that we never venture a glance from the window of our Snuggery, down the mottled pavement of Chapel street, of a sunny day, without devoutly smiting our bosom, and ejaculating 'with the poet,'

'Visions of glory! spare my aching spectacles!'

An occasional correspondent, and an occasional loungeur of the pave, gives us the following versified narration of a slight disappointment which befel him on Chapel street, 'not many moons ago.' We believe that such disappointments are of no uncommon occurrence. If the incident has been recorded before, this versification of it has not.

I wandered forth one lovely eve,
When the stars were bright above,
And the moonlight slept mid the dusky leaves,
And my thoughts were all of love.
A sudden, soft, yet powerful thrill,
A tender feeling came o'er me,
As I saw by the light of the moonbeams pale,
A maiden walking before me.

Her form was perfection, her step was light
 As the lightest mountain fairy ;
 As I gazed, a weight fell over my soul,
 A weight most grievous to carry,
 I quickened my steps and she slackened her own,
 Or else I was greatly mistaken ;
 I ventured to hope that the lady would not
 Feel sorrow at being o'ertaken.

I came to her side. I spoke, and she stopped.
 I know not what it was that I said ;
 But the stream of my words came fast and thick,
 As though by her silence fed.
 My arm was entwined within her own,
 And she offered no resistance ;
 The way was long, and I deemed she might
 Perhaps require assistance.

I sighed—I spoke of love—I raved—
 And I bitterly bewailed.
 I sought to gaze upon her face,
 But alas, that face was veiled !
 That veil I gently sought to lift ;
 She struggled and screamed aloud ;
 Too late ! I looked—confound the wench—
She was black as a thunder-cloud !

..... THE COLLEGE EXPERIENCE OF ICHABOD ACADEMICUS is the title of a recent volume of lithographs, issued under the auspices of Yale Students, and intending to burlesque College Life. Its editors inform us that their 'conception is the biography of a non-existent, though strictly natural character. Ichabod—a rustic youth, with no ideas beyond his father's cornfield and the Greek Reader—enters College. Of course he is at first an unmitigatedly verdant Freshman. Then, as is too often the case, ridicule and false pride make him something worse ; he confounds gentlemanly gayety with dissipation, mounts a rowdy hat, and becomes a blood-hard Soph. He speaks, is caught, rusticates, returns next year, mingles with feminines, and is consequently degraded into the spooney Junior—a repulse in love, and a few more months, work wonders—he emerges from his chrysalis state, and blooms in Senior dignity, which continues till graduation.' No one will doubt the affidavit of the editors, that this 'conception' of theirs, this ICHABOD, is a 'non-existent' character ; nor will any one doubt that the same ICHABOD is an *unnatural* character, the affidavit of the editors to the contrary notwithstanding. And in endeavoring to make an unnatural character represent the elements of Student Life, the editors have certainly missed their mark. The 'Experience' of their hero is, in reality, more the experience of town-loafers, or of any other class, who drink, swear, gamble, fight, contemplate suicide, and are finally locked up at the City's expense, than it is the experience of Collegians ! But even if this ICHABOD, this rare 'conception,' this 'non-existent, though strictly natural'(!) individual, is a true embodiment of Student Character, his 'Experience' can hardly be considered a burlesque, as it purports to be, upon that very respectable class of which its 'non-existent, though strictly natural' hero professes himself a member. It runs too far beyond and—plunging into disgraceful and infamous extremes—terminates too far below the limits of genuine humor to be considered a legitimate burlesque. There is something slanderous about it which is not very laughable. Without doubt, Freshmen are sometimes 'unmitigatedly' verdant, and Sophomores 'blood-hard,' and Juniors 'spooney,'—though we must take Dr. Webster to task for not telling us the peculiar signification of these peculiar appellatives—yet we are not persuaded that College Life runs any such harum scarum gantlet of

dissipation, debauchery, rowdiness, and criminality, as this 'non-existent, though strictly natural' ICHABOD runs! But—to regard the matter with that sobriety which becomes our 'dignified quarterly'—as we knew that all hands were expected to laugh at these pictures 'a laugh a-piece'—ninety-eight laughs—we puckered up, according to the laws of gravity, and the desire of the editors, and prepared to explode. The nutshell was opened; all our laughable artillery was brought to bear upon it; alas! the guns would not go off. The pages were turned; many excessively funny scenes, such as 'His parents reward him with a treat'—'Led farther into temptation,' &c., &c., &c., caused symptoms of an eruption; and when at last ICHABOD 'Receives a remittance from home,' we could hold in no longer; the explosion was tremendous! First the waistbands bursting, then buttons flying in every direction, then window glass rattling upon the walk below, then a tutor calling for the tenth time to request us to make 'not quite so much noise!' And thenceforth we could not turn a leaf without exploding at the distressing wit of the editors of ICHABOD, who are verily the funniest fellows we ever met with—legitimate sons of the mirthmaking goddess, 'in heaven yeleft Euphrosyne.' Some are so presumptuous as to assert that the whole 'thing' is supremely absurd; that 'Freshman Year,' the only decent portion of the 'Experience,' is passable, that 'Sophomore Year' is a nauseous dose and can not be swallowed even with the eyes shut; that in 'Junior Year' and thereafter, the 'unmitigatedly' glorious 'conception' of the editors is protruded so extensively into the soil as to be beyond all toleration. Others are so presumptuous as to assert that Students, as a class, never get so drunk that they destroy the furniture in their own rooms, and sleep amid the ruins (!); that they never are so boorish that they scrape an acquaintance with a lady in the street, by grasping the neck of her dress; nor so silly that they fall into a love for the women which, in desperation, contemplates suicide; nor so brutish that they fight each other as rivals in love; nor so riotous that they kick up a spree at the Bowery, New York; that they are not habitually intemperate, nor habitual gamblers, nor such outrageous villains that they must be locked up in the City Prison! Poor fools, that think thus! 'Unmitigatedly verdant,' nay, 'blood-hard,' nay, even 'spooney!' They have no knowledge of the nature of genuine wit, especially of the excruciating wit of this wittiest of all witty works, which 'perchance may,' as its editors think, 'smooth a furrow from the brow of age, and recall those hours when the ready laugh rang forth at just such scenes!' Now we would respectfully inform all these stupid carpers, and their name is Legion, that the '*College Experience of Ichabod Academicus*,' a true representation of the College experience of all Students, from the valedictorian up, is, in the language of a distinguished cotemporary, 'the darndest funniest thing you ever did see!' As for ourselves, we had no doubt, from the glorious flourishes of trumpets that preceded its delivery, that it would be 'considerable funny;' but it goes far beyond our expectations, and even far beyond itself! We 'laid out' one whole week on account of it, and were excused on the plea of rheumatism and rupture of the sides. And these Lithographs not only reflect great credit upon their editors, but equally great credit upon their artist—the lithographer. If this genius had any reputation previously, it is doubtless multiplied a thousand fold by this excellent specimen of his artistic skill. Never was so beautiful a 'conception' so beautifully executed! Never were men so 'unmitigatedly' immortalized as are the favored few to whom the world is indebted for that masterly 'conception'—the 'non-existent, though strictly natural' ICHABOD ACADEMICUS! But the 'Experience' of ICHABOD, though it be the experience of an unnatural character, preaches a

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